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CHILDHOOD'S MORNING

FOR

KINDERGARTEN USE

IN

SUNDAY SCHOOL

AND

HOME

BY

ELIZABETH G. MUMFORD

SECOND EDITION

BOSTON
UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY
25 BEACON STREET
1895

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IN MEMORY

OF

THREE LITTLE LIVES VERY DEAR TO ME.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

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HOW TO TEACH THE LITTLE ONES.

A SUNDAY KINDERGARTEN FOR TEACHERS AND MOTHERS.

[If you are a trained kindergartner, or having a natural gift for teaching, have studied the methods of kindergarten work, you will not require a book of this description. It is for the enthusiastic but inexperienced teacher.]

GATHER the children about you in a room furnished with little chairs, and if possible, a musical instrument. Teach them from *objects*. Jesus taught his disciples in this way, and drew lessons from the object or the circumstance at hand. He might be said to be the first kindergartner. Follow his method and you will not fail. It means that you must think and observe and work, — that you must be sympathetic, skilful, inventive, religious.

You cannot go to your class without preparation. Know, beforehand, just what you are going to say; and ask the spirit of God to guide you in preparation. You have not forgotten your own childhood; become as a little child yourself, and gently lead your little flock. Remember that the whole interest depends upon yourself, your tact, your devotion; and do not undertake the work unless you love it, and are willing to give to it much time and thought. All these I know you will give in the interest of humanity. Tact must be used in guiding the talk into profitable directions.

ORDER is said to be God's first law. So is it the first law of the Sunday-School room. Teach the children to respect the place, the occasion, each other, themselves, and God. Never proceed with a lesson till you have the respectful attention of each one. This is always obtained through the ear by the tap of a pencil or the sound of a bell, or what is better, a chord struck upon the piano or organ. Then hold it with the eye, while your face is lighted up with a kindly smile. Suggest listening for the ticking of the clock, or the dropping of a pin. When all is quiet, begin by repeating together the Lord's Prayer, first asking the children to fold the hands and bow the head. Then, after singing something of your own selection, begin the lesson, not forgetting that the review comes first.

Lesson of the Hand.

I. Opening Service.
II. Teaching of Topic.

Blessed is the man that keepeth his hand from doing any evil. — Isa. lvi. 2.
The Jews, except they wash their hands, eat not. — Mark vii. 3.

I WONDER how many hands there are in this room. Let us count. Now all hold up your hands. One, two, three, . . . nineteen!

Why, how does this happen? Has n't each one two hands? or, has some one three?

Let us count again. How many children are there? Yes, ten! Then some one has only one hand. All two hands? Well, did you all hold up your two hands? Ah, no! Henry held up only one; this accounts for it. So there are really twenty hands in the room, twice as many as there are children; and if you count my two, then there will be — how many? Yes, two more than twenty, — twenty-two.

Just look at your hands. What wonderful things they are! How soft and tender and warm! [Here pass around, taking some of the little hands in your own.] What beautiful nails with the little white half-moon at the bottom!

Are the nails of any use? Yes; they protect the fingers which have to do very hard work. If there were no nails at the ends how many hard knocks and sharp cuts the tender flesh would get!

Bend your finger slowly, one finger at a time, very slowly; now shut the hand; now open it and see what a curious thing it is.

What can this little hand do? Think of something. Yes, it can use a knife, it can write with a pencil or piece of chalk, it can paint beautiful pictures, it can use a hammer, it sews with a fine needle and makes such even little stitches! And when it is larger and stronger, like a man's, it may build huge engines and high bridges and great mills and the tall church spires; or it may run over the keys of the piano so nimbly that you can hardly see the fingers as they fly.

But does the little hand ever do wrong? Can you think of any wrong things it does? Yes, sometimes it strikes; sometimes it takes things which do not belong to it; sometimes it is very unclean. Could your dear little hand do these things?

Now there is something in this wonderful book about hands. Open and read: "The Jews eat not with unwashed hands." "Blessed is the man that keepeth his *hand from* doing evil."

Now will you all repeat these words with me. Now one or two — naming them — repeat it; then again, all together, until the words are fixed in their memories. Then ask them to go home and repeat them there and bring them back next Sunday.

Now let us sing (one stanza, page 54) : —

"Oh, what can little hands do," etc.

And this other hymn about hands (page 53) : —

"Beautiful hands are those that do," etc.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

NOTE. — In each of the six following lessons a new member of the body is introduced, and the corresponding verses are sung, adding them one by one to those already learned, until the entire poem is committed. The teacher should bear in mind that the lessons of this book are merely suggestive, — that she is expected to enlarge and emphasize. The lesson is to be studied by the teacher at home, not *read* to the class.

Lesson of the Foot.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

Feet was I to the lame. — JOB xxix. 15.

TO-DAY we are going to talk about *feet;* but before we begin, we will see how many remember about last Sunday's lesson. How many? No, do not speak, for when you all speak at once I cannot understand you, but raise the right hand if you remember about the lesson. Well, Jamie, what was it about? "Hands." That is correct. Can you repeat the lesson texts? Not all? I am sorry for that. I had hoped you all would learn them. Well, Mary, you may repeat one. "The Jews, except they wash their hands, eat not." Are we always so careful and neat? It is a good example, and I hope you will all be little Jews just before you come to the table.

There was another text. Does n't any one remember it? It begins, "Blessed —" "Oh, yes, I know it now!" said William, "Blessed is the man that keepeth his hand from doing any evil." Right again. I trust we all shall be blessed in this respect.

Now you all know that we have as many feet as hands. How many children here? Then, how many feet?

What a pity if all these feet should wander away and be lost! But I do not believe you mean to let them.

Do feet ever do anything wrong? Yes, they kick, just as naughty horses do sometimes. They run away, too, just like horses. Often they run into bad places, — into the mud and wet.

Sometimes when they are told to go one way they will go another, and stray far from home, and get lost. Then, they are disobedient feet.

When horses run away and kick, how do we teach them not to do so? Yes, some people whip them, because a kicking or running-away horse is a very dangerous animal, and might kill or hurt many people and little children. Because they cannot understand what we say they have to be taught by the sense of touch, though it would be far better to strap them so firmly to the shafts that they could not kick, and control them with such strong bits and reins that they could not run away. This is much better than whipping, for horses do not know that they are doing any harm to others when they get frightened.

But boys and girls can understand and do know that it is wrong to kick and run into wrong places, and so they should not do it.

How much better it would be if they would say to their feet: "Now run and help that little child to cross the street. Don't you see that nurse's arms are holding a dear little baby, and she cannot give a hand to the little one?"

Just over there is a lame man; his hat has blown off, and the wind is carrying it away from him faster than he can hobble. Now tell your feet to run and pick it up for him. He will bless you and pat your head, and you will run away on your two feet a happier boy or girl than you were before.

Then your little feet can run on errands for mamma when she is very tired, can carry a basket of fruit or flowers to the sick, and mamma will love the little feet all the more tenderly. Let us sing: —

"Beautiful feet are those that go," etc.

And sing also the verse we learned about the hand, last Sunday.

Our lesson from this book (reading from the Bible) is, "Feet was I to the lame."

Tell it to mamma and then to us next Sunday.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Face.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

As in water face answereth to face. — PROV. xxvii. 19.

I REMEMBER when I was a little girl that there was a hogshead of water, caught from the dripping eaves, which stood in the corner next the woodshed. There was a wash-form by the side of it, upon which the tubs were placed every Monday morning, for there were no set tubs in those days. I used to climb upon this form, or bench, and could just look over the top of the hogshead into the water. I saw a face there. It was a plump, round, sunburnt face, with a stray lock or two of glossy brown hair floating around it; and it used to smile back at me as I smiled, and answer back when I said "Good morning." And when I scowled and shook my head it did the same; and as I had no other playmate I used often to visit this friend who lived in the hogshead, who was a most entertaining one, and helped me pass a great many hours which otherwise would have been lonely ones.

This friend never flattered me; she always told the truth. She would say, "You look cross this morning, — just like this," and then she would pout, just as I was pouting; and that would make me laugh, and then she would laugh, and I soon forgot to pout, for we laughed back and forth until I was thoroughly good-natured.

Then she would say, "Your face is dirty, — as dirty as mine; and your hands, oh, how black!" and she would show me just how dirty and how black they were, so that when I ran to the house, and Mother said the same thing, I believed her, and had them washed at once. That little girl in the hogshead was just what I made her to be. I have noticed the same thing with babies. If I smile and trill to them, they will smile back and trill as sweetly as the birds; but if I cry and fret, immediately baby sets up a howl which makes me ashamed of mine. I have noticed, too, that if in my play I accidentally run against somebody in the street, hurting her or causing her to drop some precious thing from her hand, I say, "Oh, I am so sorry! I beg your pardon," she will smile and say, "Oh, never mind; try and not do so again, and I 'll forgive you." So all through life you will find that faces will smile back at you if you smile at them, or, if you are cross and grumpy, others will catch your look and seem cross and grumpy to you, just as the face of the little girl in the hogshead answered to the face of the little girl outside who was looking in.

Now all say with me: —

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

Now rise, very quietly, and we will sing: —

"Beautiful faces are those that wear," etc.,

and all the others we have learned.

Once more say together our text, which I shall call for next Sunday.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Eye.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

I was eyes to the blind. — JOB xxix. 15.

NOW, all together, say, "I was eyes to the blind." That is right. Now again.

What does this mean? How can we be eyes to the blind? Yes, when the blind cannot see, we can let our eyes see for them, — we can lead them, we can read for them, we can tell them the colors of the different flowers, we can tell them about the great round sun and the softer light of the moon, and about the many, many stars, and so use our eyes for theirs; and in this way our eyes will be eyes to the blind. You will see their faces light up with a smile; and you, a little child, can make another very happy, and be oh, so happy yourself!

Now let us say the two texts together, like this: —

"I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame."

And next Sunday say the two together; and let us sing the four verses about the hands, the feet, faces, and the eyes, beginning, "Beautiful hands," etc., all standing and marching, extending the two hands when they are mentioned, looking at the feet as they go, and touching the two eyes with the two hands when singing of them. Seated noiselessly.

Now tell some little story of helpfulness to the blind, from your own knowledge.

Then sing (each child rising quietly and indicating the different members while singing): —

1. "Oh, what can little eyes do," etc.
2. "Oh, what can little hands do," etc.
3. "Oh, what can little feet do," etc.

Remember the home lesson for next Sunday.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Lips.

I. Opening Service.

II. Review. III. Lesson.

Keep thy lips from speaking guile. — Ps. xxxiv. 13.

EACH one has how many lips? Now, of what use are they? Let us think for how many things the lips are used.

Yes; to talk with, to eat with, to smile with, and to kiss with. We use our lips in doing all these things. Ah, no, James, not to make a rude noise with. No, not here, in this place, on this day, and where all should give attention to what I have to say. That's a good little boy; now we are still again, I will go on.

Have animals lips? Yes; but not like ours. Theirs seem to be just for a covering to the teeth, for they do not use them for eating and drinking, for talking, for smiling, or for kissing. Neither have they full round lips like ours. Man is the only animal — Why did you laugh, Mary?

"I didn't know that man is an animal."

Oh, yes, he is the finest and noblest animal that God has made; and what makes him nobler than other animals is because he can talk and laugh and smile and kiss, as well as walk on two legs, using his other two limbs as arms. Once it is supposed that he had neither legs nor arms. "Oh! oh! oh!" Yes; but this was ages and ages and ages ago. Then he began to have legs, and he walked on four. "Oh-o-o-o." Then he began to stand on two and use the other two as hands; and now, think of how many wonderful things he does with his hands. But, all the time, his head was growing and he was thinking more and more, and now he smiles at and kisses his dear little children, and talks with them, and says, "Keep your lips from wickedness," which means naughty words. Bad words soil the lips. You know what they are, but you never use them, you dear little children with kind fathers and mothers and pleasant homes. I hope my little friends never speak unkindly or disrespectfully to any one. I know a mother who kept a sponge especially for washing off the naughty words from the lips of her little children. And pouting lips are just as bad; they spoil Cupid's bow. How many know what that is? Ah, Laura! you raise your hand, what do you know about Cupid's bow?

"My sister paints faces on canvas, and I have heard her speak about the lips being shaped like Cupid's bow."

That's right Now I will draw a Cupid's bow on the blackboard as nearly as I can. Well, this is not a very perfect one, but it will show you what it is like. And why is it called Cupid's bow? Do you know who Cupid is? "Yes, yes; he is a little angel with wings, and he carries a bow and arrow." And did you notice the peculiar shape of his bow? Well, notice it the next time you see a

picture of Cupid, and see how like it in shape the upper lip is. It is considered very beautiful; but if the lips pout it spoils Cupid's bow.

Now all rise quietly. No; sit down again and rise once more. See how silently you can do it. Very well done. Now we will sing: —

"Oh, what can little lips do!" etc.

Then sing all the other verses you have learned.

What is the text you are going to tell mamma? All together: —

"Keep thy lips from speaking guile."

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Shoulder.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

Rebekah . . . with her pitcher upon her shoulder. — GEN. xxiv. 15.

I AM going to tell you a story to-day about Rebekah. Abraham's servant came to a well at eventide, the hour that women go out to draw water. He made his camels kneel, that they might drink. Soon Rebekah appeared with her pitcher on her shoulder. She went down to the well, filled her pitcher, and came up. The servant ran to her and said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." And she said, "Drink, my lord;" and she hasted to let down her pitcher for him to drink. And when he had finished she said, "I will draw water for thy camels also." And she filled the trough with her pitcher, and all the camels drank. And the man stood wondering at her, for she was very fair to look upon. He took a golden ear-jewel and bracelets which his master Abraham had sent, and placed them upon her hands, saying, "Whose daughter art thou? Is there room in thy father's house for us?" And she bowed her head and said, "There is." And she ran home and told them of these things. Then her brother, Laban, came to the man and said, "Come in, I have prepared the house and room for the camels." And he brought water for the feet of all the servants, for the Jews always washed their feet on entering a house. Then he set meat before them.

The servant brought forth jewels and gold and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah, and to her mother and brother, precious things.

Now Abraham had sent his servant to find a lovely woman to be the wife of his son Isaac, and the servant asked that he might take Rebekah back with him to his master. And she consented to return with him, she and the maids who waited upon her. They mounted the camels, and she departed, bearing the blessing of her mother and brother. It was eventide when Isaac saw them returning, and he went to meet them. And Rebekah, when she saw Isaac, lighted off her camel and covered herself with a veil, as was the custom among the Jews. And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and she became his wife. And he loved her and she comforted him after his mother's death.

Is n't this a beautiful story? Why is it so beautiful? Wait for answers, then say that you think the most beautiful part of it is the lifting of the pitcher from her shoulder to give the servant drink, and then the filling of it many times for the camels. She was so thoughtful and kind, so full of loving service!

Sing, —

"Beautiful shoulders are those that bear," etc.

and the other verses.

Always have the children point to the member of the body alluded to as they march and sing.

Now you can go home and tell mamma about "Rebekah with the pitcher on her shoulder," and tell me all the story next time.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Heart.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil; for out of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh. — LUKE vi. 45.

DRAW a heart on the board, or bring a picture of a heart as seen in the human frame. What is this? Now the heart is the great pump of the human body. Where is it? Can you put your hand where it is? Yes; on the left side, — just here. Place your own hand over your heart. Can you feel it beat? You can almost hear it sometimes, after you have been running, can you not? Every time it beats it is pumping the blood all through the body, to keep it warm and alive. It pumps, pumps, night and day, year in and year out, and pumps sometimes nearly a hundred years. Should n't you think it would get tired and wear out? Well, it does; but if taken good care of it will last a long time. To show you how it pumps, I have brought this atomizer. Then show how each time you squeeze it the water or cologne is sent out into the room, as the blood is throughout the body. Then squeeze it regularly, to show how the heart beats regularly.

If you are angry, the heart beats faster, and the blood rushes to your face. In the same way, if some sudden pleasure comes to you; only if you are angry it is bad blood, and that does your body harm. It makes your lips sometimes say very wicked things. You have just learned the little prayer, "Keep my lips from wickedness." Now you will see that the way to keep the lips from wickedness is to keep the bad blood away from them; and to do that we must not get angry and make the heart pump bad blood. Now we understand what this means, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." You see it is the heart first, and then the lips. But if the heart pumps good blood, then the lips say kind, loving words.

Would n't you rather have your heart pump good blood into your lips? You will live a great deal longer and almost never be ill if the heart pumps good blood only.

Sing, —

"Oh, what can little hearts do," etc.,

and the other stanzas.

Tell me the story about the heart the next time.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Two Review Lessons.

Opening Service.

WHO can tell me the lesson of the face?" Some little hands will be raised. Call upon one; and if she does not succeed very well, ask another to help her. But some one will, I think, be able to give the lesson. If not, then repeat it, with the text and verse, and then, having previously written the text on a slip of paper, hand it to one of the children, asking her to carry it home to mamma, who will see that she learns it for the next Sunday, when she will be called upon to give the lesson to the others, and to sing the verse. Then call for the lesson of the eyes in like manner, having previously prepared your slips with the written text, to be taken home if the lesson is not remembered. In this manner take one more lesson. Reserve the other lessons for the next time; but tell the children that they will be called upon to give them, assigning them to different ones. Two or three may take the same lesson. Although all attempts should be encouraged, yet no lesson should be considered good which does not include all they have been taught in each.

Spend the remainder of the hour in singing the hymns till they are learned, adding others, if you wish.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Snowflakes.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. — PSALM li. 7.
He giveth snow like wool. — PSALM cxlvii. 16.

Sing to "Joyfully, joyfully," page 83, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

"Look at the snowflakes, so tiny and small,
Falling so softly, and covering all
With mantle so pure, so spotless, so white,
Making us think we 're in fairyland quite!

"No one can count them, and no one can tell
Just at what moment each beauteous thing fell;
But we know that God sent it, and bade it lie still
In feathery whiteness, its *own* place to fill."

HAVE you watched the snowflakes as they fall one by one, how they come sailing through the air? Do they not look like little pieces of wool, — the large ones; and the little ones, like tiny crystals, so beautiful and with so many different shapes? How, at first, the warm earth melts them, and the grass hides them, and it seems as if there could never be enough of them to make a good warm coverlet for the earth, or a thick frosting for the posts. But one after one they come and snuggle down together, and soon the earth goes to sleep and is hidden from sight. How white it is! Could anything be whiter? And how clean! And how pure! It is like a new, clean frock, or clean faces and hands with no soil on them.

When King David said, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," did he mean his body? No; he was asking God to wash him, and he meant, "Wash all my sins away, and then my heart will be whiter than snow," for it is God only who can do that.

If we have done wrong or thought wrong, and go to God and say, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," he will make us clean and pure and white. Then we must try to keep so, and not soil our hearts with anything that is unclean.

Now all say: —

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Can you say it when you get home, and again next Sunday?

Let us sing, "Little children, come to God," etc., Hymn 217, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson about Moses.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

And Pharaoh's daughter called his name MOSES; *and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.* — EX. ii. 10.

THIS is the same Moses who commanded the Jews to keep the Feast of the Tabernacles.

To-day we are going to learn something about his babyhood.

We are all Americans, because we were born in America. The Jews lived in Judea; but just at this time when Moses, whose father and mother were Jews, was born, they were slaves to the Egyptians. Pharaoh was king of Egypt, and he treated the Jews very cruelly. He commanded all the baby boys to be killed, because he did not want them to grow up to be men to fight against him, and he had been so cruel to them he felt sure they would punish him as soon as they were old and strong enough.

The mother of Moses was so afraid that her little boy would be killed that, when he was three months old, she made a little basket of bulrushes, and filled in the chinks with mud and pitch, so that no water could get in; and then, putting her baby in it, she hid it among the flags, or bulrushes, on the bank of the River Nile.

But she did not go far from it. Oh, no; she loved her baby too well for that, so she told the baby's sister to watch the little cradle, or ark, as it was called.

Pretty soon Pharaoh's daughter, with her maidens, came down to the river to bathe. As they walked along they spied the ark; and as they uncovered the baby's face it cried, and they pitied it. Pharaoh's daughter said: "This is one of the Hebrews' children," — Hebrew means the same as Jew.

Now the baby's sister, who had been set to watch, came up and said, "Shall I call a nurse for the child?" And Pharoah's daughter said, "Go, call a nurse." So the sister went for a nurse, and whom do you think she brought? If you had been the baby's sister whom would you have brought? Why, the baby's mother, of course! But she did n't dare to let Pharaoh's daughter know that it was the baby's mother, or that she was the baby's sister, lest the king would kill the child. And so little Moses was nursed by his own mother; and as the king's daughter had adopted him for her own son, the boy was brought up in the king's palace, where he grew to be a very good and wise man. Sometime I will tell you more about him. Now tell the story of Moses to mamma. Repeat the text with me, and next Sunday be sure not to forget it.

Let us sing: —

COME, CHILDREN, COME.

Tune, "Marching Along," in *Carol*, page 87. MARTHA P. LOWE.

Come, oh children, come! and we will sing a happy song;
In the paths of holiness we will march along,
Looking unto Jesus, for 't is he has shown the way;
Oh, come! We will not stay!
Marching along, we are marching along;
Looking unto Jesus, we are marching along.

The way is often beautiful, and leads among the flowers;
The way is often hard to take, and slowly drag the hours;
But God has marked it out for us; we will not idly wait.
We 'll see the heavenly gate.
Marching along, we are marching along;
Looking unto Jesus, we are marching along.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Lighthouse.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

[This exercise may cover seven lessons, — the lesson to be learned by the placing of each stone, or of the light, and two reviews, or more if the children wish. Children are never tired of repeating a good thing. Let different children take their turns in placing the stone, — in the first lessons each repeating the verse, then all repeating it together. Afterwards, when the whole has been learned, as a review it may be taken in parts, and finally as a whole. They will always be eager to build the lighthouse. The building of it may be offered sometimes as a reward for excellence.]

NOW we are going to build something. I think we will call it a lighthouse. The real lighthouse we are going to build is in ourselves. We will place the foundation stone first, and call it TRUTH. We call it so because if it is not true and firm at the bottom, and without any flaws, no other stones will remain upon it. The foundation stone is the most important one in the building. So are truth in the heart and truth on the lips the foundation stones of our characters.

Now, Charlie, you may lay this stone for us; and ask John to help you, so that you will be sure to get it true and even. [See that it is true on the table.] As you lay it, I want you to say: —

Charlie. "Lay the foundation strong and deep,
Where the heart the truth shall keep."
John. "Lay it with a builder's care,
For the tower resteth there."

[Charlie and John stand near by.] Mary, will you place the second stone? Susie may help you. This is REVERENCE. Why do we call it so? I will tell you. If you are sick, very sick, who takes care of you? "Mother." Yes; and the good doctor, too, who gets out of his warm bed in the night and comes a long distance in the cold and dark to make you well. Does your little playmate help you as they do? No; she would help you if she could, but she is too young; she has not learned yet how she may.

If a huge dog comes barking at you in the street and throws you down, upon whom do you call for help then? "Father, because he is so strong and brave." Can father or mother make the sun to rise to keep us warm, or the rain to fall upon our gardens that we may have nice fruit and flowers? "No, father and mother cannot do that." Who can? "God." God is the maker of this beautiful

world, and he keeps it in order for us to enjoy. You love father and mother very dearly, and need their care and love constantly; now should you not love God also, who gives you your father and mother? This kind of love we call *reverence*, because it looks up to those who are wiser and stronger than we are. Should we ever be rude towards those who are older and wiser than we? "No."

Now say, you first, Mary, —

"Little builders, build away."

Now, Susie, —

"Little builders, build to-day!"

[Susie and Mary stand by the side of Charlie and John.]

The third block will be OBEDIENCE. You all know what that means. You should mind what father and mother say to you, and what your teachers say to you, or what any one older and wiser than you may say to you; but especially you should obey God, who says "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Now, Jennie, you and Henry may place this block and say with me this commandment. Then stand by the side of the others.

The fourth block will be PURITY. Choose some one, Joseph, to place this block with you, and say (Yes, Lillian), "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

You know what pure water is, what clean hands are; now your hearts must be kept as clean as your hands should be and as pure and as white as the snow. Then you will see how beautiful everything that God has made is, how kind and good father and mother are, how dear and good everything is. This is seeing God, for God is goodness. [They stand by the side of the others.]

Now, Tom, you and Annie come and place the very top stone of the lighthouse, which you see is made round and smooth. It is called LOVE, because it has no beginning and no end, — it stretches around the earth and includes everybody and everything. It reaches up into the great round heavens, where the sun and the moon and the stars are, and says: "Everything is lovely, and I love it all, and the good God, who made it all."

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Now you may repeat with me those words. That is right, — stand in the ring.

Now we have our lighthouse built, good and strong. But is there not one thing wanting? Did you raise your hand, Mary? Well, what is it?

"A lighthouse is of no use without a light."

That is very true. Mary has discovered that the very best part of it is wanting, the light. Now, who shall place the light there? "The keeper always places the light." Yes, Paul, but we are *all* keepers of this lighthouse. It belongs to each one. Each one has helped to build it, and all are going to keep it. Each one in turn is going to place the light there. Choose one to place it there to-day.

"*I* choose the youngest." George chooses the youngest. Do you all choose

the youngest? Yes, we will begin with little Ethel, she shall place the light on our lighthouse to-day. I will help you to stand in this chair, Ethel, and you may say when you place the light, which is a star, and gives the purest of all lights, —

"Build a tower, pure and bright,
Build it up in deeds of light."

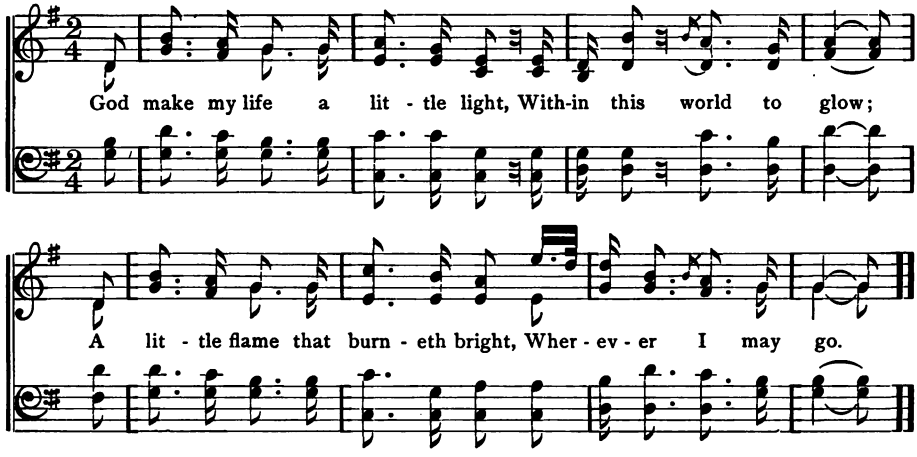
Now, our tower is complete, and the light is shining from the top of it. Let us say together: —

"Let your words be kind and pure,
And your tower shall endure."

We will sing together: —

LIFE, A LIGHT.

Adapted from Franklin Square Song Coll.



God make my life a little star
To shine in darkest night,
To guide the wanderer from afar,
And lead his steps aright.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

A Mid-Winter Sunday.

Opening Service.

LET all the school unite in a lesson after the following.

Confer with the Superintendent and ask him to co-operate.

On the previous Sunday, let him ask all those who have any objects which came from the Holy Land — a bit of sand, a little bottle of sea-water, an olive leaf, a piece of the olive wood, any souvenir which some friend has brought from there — to bring them, each one taking his forward and holding it up, to tell the story of it and repeating a text of Scripture in connection and descriptive of it. Then place the article, which may afterwards be passed around very carefully for each one to see, on the table. In this exercise old and young should join. The occasion may be made a most interesting and profitable one if carried out in an orderly manner. It will be a real kindergarten Sunday, in which the little ones will love to join with the older ones. You, as teacher of the kindergarten class, can be of much assistance to the Superintendent, and in order to secure active interest, must be allowed to keep near him in order to carry out the suggestion well.

Parents and friends will be interested also, and should be invited to be present and to aid at home.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson on Manners.

I. Opening Service.

II. Review. III. Lesson.

In honor preferring one another. — Rom. xii. 10.

It was snowing. The wind was whistling through the cracks; the windows were covered with frost, so that you could hardly see through them. Little Harry could not go out to play, so he took a picture book, drew up the softest and most comfortable chair in the room, and sat down directly in front of the glowing fire which Betty had made in the open grate, and on which she had just heaped a fresh supply of coals.

Harry was very happy and very warm. The wind might howl without as much as it pleased, — the armchair was just then much more comfortable than an open sleigh, with all its robes and jingling bells.

He was so happy that he dropped his book and sat gazing into the fire, making all sorts of queer shapes out of the coals.

His grandma entered the room with her basket of mending. Harry did not move; he had the warmest place and the most comfortable chair in the room. Grandma, dear grandma, loved her little grandson so much that she could not ask him to give her the chair or the warm place; so she meekly sat down in the corner in one of the common chairs.

What would you have done if you had been in Harry's place?

What should Harry have done?

Would n't you rather be a real little gentleman than to be so ill-mannered and selfish?

If Harry had loved grandma as much as she loved him, he would have done just what she did, — he would have sat in the corner in a common chair. But he did not; he loved himself better, — he loved himself very much better. He was thinking only of his own comfort. He was selfish. This is what selfishness means, — thinking only of one's self.

Now Grandma was a great deal happier in thinking of the comfort of her little grandson. She was not selfish; she preferred his comfort to her own, though I think she felt very sorry that her little Harry was so thoughtless.

Now the text you are going to learn is: —

"In honor preferring one another."

Repeat it with me. That is right.

I am going to mention some other things which I have seen little children do, when they did *not* prefer one another to themselves. I have seen them rush past

older people and take the very best seat in a carriage, — even whine and snarl like a little snapping dog if they could not have it. Not well-bred children, — oh, no! I have seen children enter the pew in church before older people, and take the seat at the head. I have seen them rush to their seats at table, and sit down before father and mother did. Then I have seen them reach away over the other side of the dish to get the largest orange or the biggest piece of cake.

Why, grown-up people who are well-bred never do such things; then, of course, little children should not.

What is the text to learn? That is right, Mary, —

"In honor preferring one another."

Repeat it to Mamma and tell her the story about Harry, and then come and tell it again next Sunday.

Close by singing "The Golden Rule," Hymn 62, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

Lesson of the Good Samaritan.

I. Opening Service.

II. Review. III. Lesson.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Luke x. 27.

I WILL tell you a story which Jesus told to his disciples, and which you will find in the Bible.

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho [here point out the places on the map], and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his clothing, and beat and wounded him, and left him half dead.

Now a priest came down that way, and seeing him, passed by on the other side; also a Levite, when he came along, passed by on the other side. But a Samaritan came along, and when he saw him he pitied him and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; he also set him on his own beast, which must have been either a camel or a donkey, and brought him to an inn, which is a public house, and took care of him.

The next morning when he went away, he took out two pence and gave to the keeper of the inn, saying: "Take care of him, and if you need more, the next time I come I will pay thee all that I owe thee."

Which now of these three was his neighbor? Can you tell? Jesus said, "He that showed mercy on him," and Jesus said to his disciples, "Go thou and do likewise."

You see that a neighbor is not always the one who lives in the next house. The priest and the Levite came from the same city, called Jerusalem, that the poor man did, and they passed by. But the good Samaritan came from away off in another State. Besides, the Jews had not treated the Samaritans very well, but here was a Samaritan kind to a Jew! So after all, he was the real neighbor who loved the man who fell among thieves, as himself.

Jesus said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now say it with me. All. Again. Mary, you say it. William, you say it. And who is your neighbor? Yes, any one who shows kindness to you, or any one who needs your kindness; and remember Jesus said, "Go thou and do likewise."

Can little children do any good to other people, and be "Good Samaritans"? Jesus told this story to show how we should love everybody, but especially those who are sick or suffering. Will we not try, you and I, to be "Good Samaritans"?

Now let us sing, or say: —

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above." — Page 53, *Sunny Side.*

Also: —

"Little hands, be free in giving;
Little hearts, be glad to serve;
Each unselfish act of living
God fails never to observe.

"Give not only gold and treasure, —
Give your sympathy and care;
Love that knows not stint or measure
Jesus scattered everywhere."

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Prodigal Son.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

He put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet. — LUKE xv. 22.

I AM going to tell you something about shoes this morning.

The first shoes ever worn were simply soles tied to the feet with strings or thongs (thongs are strings made of leather), and they were called sandals. [Show a sandal, if you can.]

Thousands and thousands of years ago the Jews, or Hebrews (they mean the same), wore this kind of shoe to protect their feet when they travelled over the country, as they did mostly on foot, over miles and miles of rocky hills and valleys. Afterwards they made tops to the soles, and then they were really shoes. But servants and wrong-doers went barefoot. Also those who wished to show God that they reverenced and feared him, took off their shoes and walked humbly before him. Poor, degraded people in general went barefoot.

I am going to tell you the story of the Prodigal Son, the youngest son of a rich father. [Dwell especially upon the degradation of his coming home barefooted, and the meaning of the father's placing shoes on his feet. Tell the story in as graphic a manner as possible. I leave it to your own ingenuity. The verse for the children to learn is, "He put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet." Make it plain that the rejoicing was because the son was penitent and the father loving and forgiving; and so draw the parallel between the earthly and the Heavenly Father.

Sing appropriate hymns, which you have previously selected, or Hymn 127, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book;* and ask the children to be ready to tell this story next Sunday, — that you will call upon one of them, so all must be ready.]

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of the Two Lines.

I. Opening Service.

II. Review. III. Lesson.

I AM going to draw a line: _____ [Say, while drawing it]

"Straight is the line of duty."

Now, here is another:

"Curved is the line of beauty.
Follow the first, and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee."

Now all say this with me.

Ruth, you may come and draw the lines [guide the little hand, if it is weak], and say the first line of the verse as you draw the line on the board. Draw the second in the same way. That is right.

David, would you like to draw the lines? Well, if you do not wish to to-day, you may do so some other time.

Richard will take the crayon, I know. That 's right; and a very good line,— *very* good. If Richard walks in as straight a line as he draws, the beautiful line will be following him all the time.

The curved line is a little harder to make, is it not? Well, never mind, one of these days Richard can make the curved line as easily as the straight one. Now, all together, say:—

"Straight is the line of duty," etc.

[Let others try, and by this time they may repeat the lines without assistance.] Do you think you can repeat this to papa, and draw the lines for him when you go home?

Then say them for me next Sunday, and I will tell you a story about these two lines, and another called "zig-zag."

Now sing Hymn 135, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson of Duty and Beauty.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

[Draw the two lines on the board.]

NOT far from the home of Frank and Lucy, Aunt Josephine lived with her aged father and mother. The children were always delighted to go there to spend an hour; and sometimes, on long summer days, they were allowed to stay to supper. This they especially enjoyed; for there was no honey quite so delicious, nor biscuits lighter or browner than those that were placed on the glossy white tablecloth at Grandma's. The quaint old china, too, with its little bunches of flowers scattered all over it, was the delight of their eyes. By the side of each of the children's plates was always placed a pretty glass mug filled with sweet milk. Oh, if they could only stay to tea! So, as the afternoon was one of the long, pleasant ones, they were allowed to; but they were to ask to be excused directly after supper, and to come directly home.

With this permission they went hop-skipping along. The way was full of beauty, and they stopped now and then to pick a daisy or a dandelion, singing as they went. They meant to be very good children. They had on clean frocks, and their hands and their hearts were clean, too. The line of duty seemed very straight to them, and the line of beauty followed them all the way. Everything was beautiful! Was there ever anything more beautiful?

When they reached Grandma's they were kissed and hugged and given comfortable little chairs, in which they sat very still for a few moments, answering very civilly all Grandma's questions, telling her about the new tooth baby had, and how she was just beginning to say "Papa." Then Aunt Josephine brought them the pack of cards with which she had taught them to build houses, placed the chairs and the crickets out on the piazza; and when they were tired of this, they swung in the hammock, and looked off over the river to the hills and the woods beyond and sang all the songs they could think of. But there was one treat in reserve for them. Aunt Josephine knew what it was. She had slipped quietly into the house and wound up the music-box, and now — listen! Yes, it *was* "Blue Bells of Scotland!" their favorite tune. How happy they were! How easy to be good! They meant to be good always. Soon supper came and was over. Then Grandma gave them a little basket of flowers to take to mamma; they kissed her and Grandpa and Aunt Josephine, and set out for home.

There was a little brook that went gurgling across the road. On its banks were the dear pussy-willows, which they loved to gather in the springtime; and, in one place, where the water a little further up was very still, there were little fishes and pollywogs darting to and fro. They watched these for a while, setting down the basket of flowers to throw little pebbles and sticks into the water. Then they wandered on, following the brook up along the meadow as they leaped from rock to rock. "Hark! I hear the waterfall! Let's go and see that little water-wheel Willie Ford built!" "Yes, let's." So their little feet scampered on over rocks

and through bushes, till they came to the little wheel. They were busy for some time watching it, when suddenly Lucy exclaimed: "It is time to go home!" They looked up for the first time; they found themselves in the woods, and knew they were a long way from home. At first they thought they would follow the brook back, but Frank said, "It is so far that way, let us go across; our house must be just over there."

They started and ran, for they saw that the sun was going down and that soon it would be dark. On and on they ran. They remembered that mother had told them to come directly home and that they had disobeyed her. They were no longer happy; the line of beauty was not following them now, — the trees, the flowers, the sunset, the birds singing their good-night songs, all were hateful to them. Oh, if they had only kept in the straight line of duty! But their feet were going zig-zag now. They began to cry. "We're lost," said Lucy; "oh, what shall I do!" And their little hearts ached and their little lips quivered. Frank said, "If we say a little prayer ~~to God~~ maybe he will help us," and he put his arm tenderly around his little sister.

Just then they heard a cow, — moo! moo! — and the crackling of the dead wood as Clover, — dear, good Clover, came trotting past. Oh, how dear Clover did seem to them! They knew that Phillip, the man who took care of her, must be near; and sure enough, there he was just coming! They ran, screaming with delight, and clung to him so tightly that he could n't take a single step. They were not lost now, although the sun had gone down and it was long past the time of their home-coming. Then they thought of mother, — how she was missing her dear little children, how her heart was aching for them. What would she say?

But here they are in mother's arms! She has forgiven them; but they cannot go to grandma's again for a long, long time, — not till mother knows she can trust them to be dutiful children, who will walk in a straight line.

The beautiful flowers which grandma sent to mamma, where are they? Oh, how hard it is to walk in a straight line, and bring beautiful flowers with you, all the way! The zig-zag line had left them by the brookside. What was the surprise of the children to see the basket of flowers beside mother's plate at the breakfast table! Good, kind Phillip had been to the pollywog pool, and brought them, all fresh with morning dew, and placed them there.

The curved line of beauty was beginning to follow little Frank and Lucy once more, and they never meant to go zig-zag again.

Repeat together: —

"Straight is the line of duty, —
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee."

And sing Hymn 135, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

CLOSING EXERCISE.

NOTE. — Appoint two, three, or more, to conduct these last two lessons on the following Sunday, — to draw lines as in former, and tell the story as in latter lesson. They will like to do it if encouraged; visit the parents, and enlist them in aiding you.

Lesson of Duty and Beauty.

LED BY THE CHILDREN.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW.

AS suggested in last lesson, call upon one to go to the board, draw the lines, repeating the verse which accompanies them, — then all repeat together.

Let the same child go on with the story, or call upon another, as may seem best. Encourage them in every possible way to take active part. There will probably be time for several to lead.

Sing Hymn 135, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

III. LESSON.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

The Story of David.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters. — Ps. xxiii. 1, 2.

THERE was a little boy whose name was David. He lived in Bethlehem, — the same city in which Jesus was born, though it was many, many hundreds of years before. His father's name was Jesse. He owned a great many acres of land and kept a great many sheep. Jesse had eight children; but David was the youngest. David was very fond of music, and played not only the shepherd's pipe, but the harp, singing his songs as he watched the sheep. He chose to stay at home and tend his father's flocks, rather than go to war, as some of his brothers did.

There were a great many wild beasts prowling around to steal and eat the sheep; so he had to be very watchful and very brave. He had no gun; but he used to pick up pebbles from the stream, and with a sling he could take such good aim that he once slew a lion, and again a bear. He was small and young, but as you see, a good shepherd and a very brave boy.

Do you know why he was so good and brave? Because he always believed that God was with him watching the sheep and defending them from harm. He lived with God and God lived with him; so one day he wrote this verse, which is called a Psalm: —

"The *Lord* is *my* shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

When you say this psalm, you can think of David lying on the hillside with his sheep all about him, feeding upon the green grass, or drinking from the fresh pool of water near by. There is more of the psalm, but this is all you need to learn to-day. Now say it once more all together, and go home and tell father and mother what you have learned, and they will help you to repeat the words next Sunday.

Next Sunday, James, Annie, Mildred, and George may give us the story of David; and then I will give you the next verse to learn. Do you remember, children, what you are to do next Sunday? Each one tell me, now. That's right. Now we will sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd," etc., Hymn 209, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

CLOSING EXERCISE.

The Lesson of the Seed.

I. Opening Service.

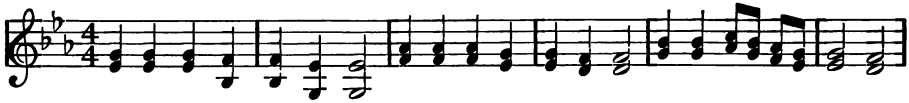
II. Review. III. Lesson.

If you live in the city, procure a window box filled with soft, rich loam; if in the country, a little bed outside the window, which has been prepared during the week. Get some sweet peas, flowering beans, morning-glories, and nasturtium seeds. The latter will develop more rapidly if soaked over night in tepid water.

After opening service and review, take one of the seeds, — a bean soaked over night will best show the beginning of germination, — and going into the midst of the children show them how the little shoots are hidden in their little home, ready, when placed in the earth, the one to descend and form the root, the other to ascend and form the stem which bears the flower and fruit; how the root has little mouths which drink the water and the food which are in the ground, and so constantly feed the flower and make it grow; then how the stem brings up into the light and air the leaves, which breathe just as we do, and *must* have fresh air and sunlight or they will die. So plants are very much like little children, — they must have care or die. They eat and drink and breathe and sleep, just as little children do. What kind of mother is she who gives her little children no food to eat, no water to drink, and who shuts them up in a cold, dark cellar? No, your mothers are not like that; you have good, kind, loving mothers, whom you love very dearly because they are so good to you. Now you are all going to be fathers and mothers to these little seeds, which we are going to put into the ground; you are not going to let your little children starve, or die for want of water, are you? No, you are going to be good little fathers and mothers to these seeds, and they will give you in return beautiful flowers.

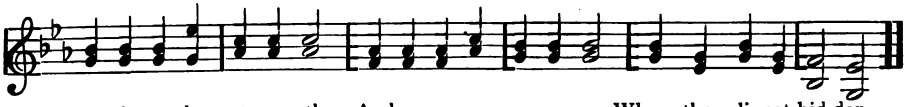
Taking the seeds, as you press one after another in the ground, only a little below the surface, sing: —

LITTLE SEED.



Lit-tle seed, now must thou go To thy still, cold bed below; Do as thou art bid-den!

Then as you gently cover them with a little earth, sing: —



Now the earth must cover thee, And no eye can ev - er see Where thou li - est hid-den.

But God sees, God knows; He watches over the little seed, and in a week or two, if we give the seeds water to drink, so that they will not all dry up, we shall see a little green stem pushing the earth away, and, lo! there will be, at the end of the stem, the very same little seed that we put in the ground burst open, and inside two little leaves which, as soon as the root is strong enough to nourish them, will throw off the outside entirely. Let us watch the seeds and water them, then God will make them grow. *We* cannot make them grow; we can only help feed them. We can work with God. And is n't it beautiful to be able to work *with* God in making the flowers grow?

There lie the seeds hidden in the earth. Who watches over them while we are asleep or away? Who makes them grow? 'T is God, the dear Father, who watches over and cares for little children, who gives the birds their beautiful feathers, pussy her nice, warm coat of fur, who covers the fields with grass and flowers, and makes the tall trees grow in the woods.

God must be very good to make all things so beautiful.

What can we give God to show him that we love him and thank him for all? I will tell you. We can give him our love. This is all he wants us to give him; and truly, we can give him back the love of the hearts which he has given us, can we not? Will we not?

Sing, "He careth for us," page 23, *Sunny Side.*

CLOSING EXERCISE.

NOTE. — Let the children do with their own little hands as much of this work as they can. Arrange with them to come and water the seeds; and if possible, let each child have his own little bed to care for. Encourage them to have gardens at home.

Lesson of the Fruits.

HARVEST, OR THANKSGIVING SUNDAY.

[Let the room be decorated with corn, vegetables, fruits, flowers, etc. A pretty idea is a cornucopia, or basket, lying on its side as if the fruit were being spilled out of it, so full to overflowing is it. A sickle can be introduced somewhere with effect. Your own taste will suggest ideas.]

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

Thou shalt keep the feast of the harvest. — EX. xxiii. 16.

DO you all know what this means, — the feast of the harvest? Not one? I will tell you in one word, and then you will all be sure to know, — *Thanksgiving*. What do you all expect on Thanksgiving day that is different from other days? "Turkey." Yes. "Plum pudding," "Blindman's Buff." Yes; a good dinner and a good time. Now the meaning of "feast" is a good dinner. And why do we have a feast on Thanksgiving day? I will tell you. All the apples and pears and squashes and pumpkins and corn and potatoes, and all the other vegetables, have been gathered in and stored in cellars and barns, to keep them away from Jack Frost, who is hiding away slyly, ready to bite the nicest and mellowest fruit.

This gathering-in is called the harvesting. You will see men out in the field binding up the sheaves of wheat and barley and oats and rye, and stacking up the corn; and threshing-machines beating out the little grains, and the winnowing machine taking out all the chaff; and the barns will be full; and the red apples and the great yellow pumpkins will be lying in great heaps in the fields, making a beautiful picture. This is the harvest. And don't you think we ought to be very grateful to God for giving us all these delicious things to eat, and such heaps of them? Well, that is just what Thanksgiving is for; a day set apart for this very thing, — to thank God for our full harvest, for the *giving* of *thanks*, — *thanksgiving*. You see we put the "giving" last, and make one word, — Thanksgiving.

Now thousands and thousands of years ago, Moses said to the Jews, "Thou shalt keep the feast of the harvest." Now you know what he meant. Who does not? Ask me any questions you would like, only raise the hand first, so that I may call upon one at a time.

Our President and our Governor say to us every year, "Thou shalt keep Thanksgiving." You see that Moses, who was governor of the Jews, said the same thing, — that they should thank God for the abundance of good things God had given to them to eat; and they called their feast the "Feast of the Tabernacles." Shall I tell you what "Tabernacles" means? It means tents. Our

Thanksgiving dinner would be very cold, and so should we, if we should eat it in a tent, would it not? But the country in which the Jews lived was very warm; and besides, their feast was in September, when the weather is much warmer than in November, when we always have our harvest feast. Theirs lasted eight days. Think of that! And they came from the country round about to Jerusalem. They did not have it, as we do, in each one's home.

There is much more I might tell you about this feast, but the chief thing for you to remember is that their feast and ours are held that we may all at one time give thanks to God for his goodness to us.

Now repeat the text, and carry it home to papa and mamma, and bring it in your memories again next Sunday.

We will sing to the tune "America": —

"The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord!"

CLOSING EXERCISE.

NOTE. — To encourage the children to think of others, it would be a good plan for each one to distribute flowers or fruit among those who have neither, or to send them to some Children's Home.

The Story of Samuel.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

And the child Samuel grew before the Lord. — I SAMUEL ii. 21.

HANNAH was the mother of Samuel. She was so glad that God had given her a son that she said: "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." So, as soon as he was old enough to be taken from his mother, she carried him to the temple, where Eli was the high priest, and gave him to Eli to help him take care of the temple. He wore a white linen ephod over his shoulders, which was fastened about the waist by a belt, or girdle. Only priests wore ephods.

You know that in the Episcopal church the choir boys wear a kind of white garment over their coats; so do the boys in the Roman Catholic church who light the candles and swing the censer before the altar. This manner of dressing they must have taken from the Jews.

Samuel grew up to be a good man, for he was always a good boy and obedient to Eli.

Now Eli and Samuel always slept in the temple that they might look after the lamp which was never allowed to go out. One night Samuel awoke suddenly, thinking he heard Eli call him. He ran to him and said: "Here am I." And Eli said, "I did not call." So Samuel lay down to sleep; and again he woke, thinking he heard some one call. He ran the second time to Eli and said: "Here am I." And Eli said: "I called you not; go and lie down." And again the third time he heard the call "Samuel," and he ran again to Eli, saying, "Here am I." Then Eli knew that it must be that it was the voice of God in his heart calling him, and he said, "Go lie down, and if he call thee again, thou shalt say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' So he went again, and lay down in his place. And the fourth time he heard the voice, "Samuel, Samuel." Then he answered and said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Then God came very near to him in his heart and made him to understand that he was ever after to do whatever God should ask him. He gave to God his life and his service. He grew, and the Lord was with him, and he became a Prophet of the Lord.

Sometime we shall hear God calling us in our hearts to be his good children and serve him all our days. Shall we then say, as Samuel did, "Here am I; speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!"

Repeat these words with me. Now repeat them alone. Begin like this: Samuel said, "Here am I; speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Be sure to tell mamma what your lesson was about to-day, and if you cannot say just the words, ask her to find them for you, so that you may say them to me next Sunday. Now let us sing Hymn 63, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Christmas.

TO BE OBSERVED BY JOINING WITH THE WHOLE SCHOOL.

Lesson for Christmas.

[To precede or follow Christmas.]

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

THE shepherds were watching their flocks one night, in far-away Judea, when they saw a very bright star in the west. It was unusually bright, and it seemed to stand still, though of course it was moving, as stars always do; but they thought it stood still right over the town of Bethlehem. So they went toward it, and some wise men from the East came also, for they, too, saw the bright light.

And just as they were entering the town they came to a stable, where they found the little babe lying in a manger. A manger is a crib in which the hay is put for the cattle to eat. It was all fresh and clean, and there is no sweeter or warmer bed than new-mown hay. So there lay the baby, soft and warm, close by the oxen, who were munching their hay and filling the stable with their sweet, warm breath.

Mary and Joseph, the mother and father of the babe, were very happy, for God had told them that this child was to be a holy one. So they thanked God in their hearts and promised to care for the babe very wisely and tenderly. They called his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. And another name which was given to him was Emanuel, which means, God with us. We have loved Jesus ever since; and to-day, when we think of him, we always think of *God with us in him*, for he was always obedient to his parents, loving to his playmates, and forgiving to those who were cruel to him and at last put him to death on the cross.

When you are tempted to do wrong, think of Jesus, and ask yourself, "I wonder if Jesus would have done this?" If you think he would not, then you will not, for you want to be like him, and you will ask your Father in heaven, who was also his Father in heaven, to make you like him.

Now we will sing, "Jesus when a little child," Hymn 121, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

Have a picture of Jesus in the manger, if you can, hanging on the wall. There are many wood-cuts to be taken from Sunday-School papers which will be very suitable to pin to the wall for this purpose. Ask the children, before they go, if they can tell you the story of Jesus' birth, — in what town he was born, and when we keep his birthday. Expect them to tell it next Sunday.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Three Song Sundays.

ONE BEFORE CHRISTMAS, ONE BEFORE EASTER,
ONE AFTER EASTER.

AT THIS TIME A HYMN, OR SOME PORTION OF ONE OF THE HYMNS
AT THE END OF THE BOOK, MAY BE TAUGHT, AND
COMMITTED BY THE CHILDREN.

Lesson of the Lily.

EASTER.

I. Opening Service.

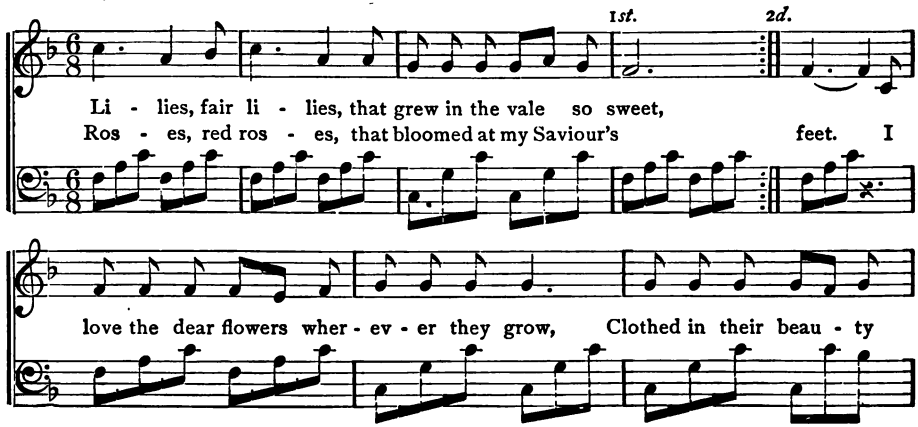
II. Review. III. Lesson.

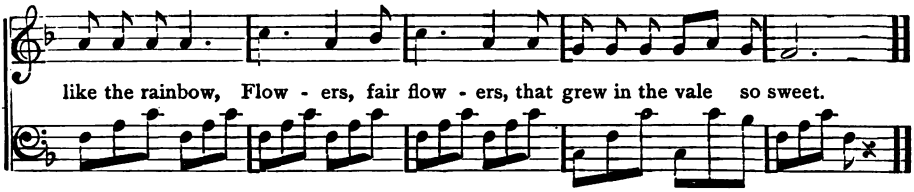
Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.
Matt. vi. 28.

HOLDING up a lily, "Can any of you tell me what this is?" Various answers will be given; but the general one, "Flower," is sufficient. Ask for the color or colors of it, — always encouraging the children with a smile or a nod of approval. Then count the petals, or let them count them. Hold up another flower of the same kind, asking if there is any difference. Let them smell of it. Ask them where they suppose it grew? if they have any in their gardens like it? and, having interested them in it in every possible way, then ask them, "Who made it?" "Could you make so beautiful a flower?" This may lead to some such questions from them as, "Who is God?" "Where does he live?" "Is he a man?" "Can I see him?" etc. Answer their little questions as reverently and wisely as you can. "God is a spirit, — a loving, tender father. He lives everywhere, — here in this room, in all our hearts, in everything and everybody. He is not a man, and you cannot see him. You cannot see the wind or the air you breathe; but it is everywhere. So is God, who made this beautiful flower, — who makes all the flowers to be beautiful because he loves us, and loves all beautiful things."

Now let us sing something about flowers.

Let the little ones change their position by standing, which must be done quietly, or repeated until it is done quietly.





After being seated, which again they should do very quietly, hold up the Bible, saying: —

"In this book there are some things said about flowers. This is one of them: 'Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

"This is what Jesus said about the lilies. He might have said the same about any other flower. When he said, 'They toil not,' what did he mean?"

You will get various answers. Always approve the answer when you can. Then explain the meaning of *toil*, saying: "Mother toils when she makes your little frocks. Father toils when he digs in the ground, or works in the shop or office; but little children do not *toil*, — neither do flowers.

"And you know what spinning is. You have seen a spinning-wheel, have you not, Emma? — you, John? Well, thread and yarn used to be spun by hand on a single wheel; but now they are spun in a large mill, and out of many threads our clothes are made. But flowers do not spin their beautiful clothing, do they?

"Now Solomon was a great king. He lived in a grand house; and he built a great temple, or church, out of gold and precious stones, — and there were elegant curtains hung in it, whose threads were gold; and it took many years to build it and to spin the threads, so that the workmen toiled for eight years in building this temple.

"Solomon himself wore very rich garments and costly jewels; but Jesus says that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed (clothed) like one of these." Here hold up the flower, and say that God's glories are more beautiful than man's, "Do you not think so?"

Ask the children to repeat the whole text with you, and then to go home and ask father, or mother, or auntie, or some one, to teach it to them, so that next Sunday they can say it with you, or say it alone, perhaps. If you can, give each one a flower to take home. Then sing, page 39, *Sunny Side*: —

First Voice. "Hark! the lilies whisper tenderly and low,
'In our grace and beauty see how fair we grow!'
Second Voice. Hark! the roses speaking, telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story of the love of God.
Duet. And if toil and trouble be our lot below,
Think upon the lilies; see how fair they grow.
Chorus. Flowers of field and garden all their voices blend,
And their Maker's praises to our souls commend."

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson for Flower Sunday.

I. OPENING SERVICE.

II. REVIEW. III. LESSON.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."
"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us."
"He who loveth God, loves his neighbor also."
"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."
"Little children, love one another."

HAVE as many floral decorations as you please. Prepare beforehand letters of stiff pasteboard from eight to twelve inches in height, according to the size of the room. Wreathe them with flowers of one color, adapting the color of background to color of flower. Use a strip of cambric for background which may be tacked to wall or table. Have as many little hooks, or tacks, as there are letters in the word, to hang the letters upon. To each letter attach a ring or cord by which it may be hung.

On the previous Sunday, choose as many children as letters, giving to each, one of the above texts to learn, illustrative of the word which the flowers form.

I have selected the word LOVE as short and simple. As each little one recites her verse, she holds her letter high, then hangs it in its place; and so do the others, till all are hung in order, then all repeat the last text together. At the end, one of the older ones may recite the following, which has been learned during the week:

Jesus said: This is the first and great commandment, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind.* And the second is like unto it: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself* (Matt. xxii. 37–39).

Sing Hymn 45, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book*, with Hymn 57, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book*, to the tune "Bellini," page 21.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

Lesson for Memorial Sunday,

OR SOME OTHER NATIONAL OCCASION.

[It will be very much more interesting to the little ones if the whole school joins in this celebration.]

LET the room be decorated with flowers and flags, and the school assemble in a side room where the girls may leave their hats. It will be in better taste if all who take part, so far as is practicable, lay aside their out-door garments, wearing flowers and the national colors.

Each child bears a little flag. All are formed in twos, ready to mark time and begin their march, the smallest entering first, and so on, in order of age, each teacher leading her class. As soon as the organ, or piano, strikes the first note of "America" (the door between the rooms being closed), the school begins to mark time, left foot first, and sing. Then the door should be opened very gradually, and all march to seats previously set apart. All remain standing until the hymn is finished, when, at a given signal, they are seated quietly, — very quietly. Appropriate services, with short prayer by the minister, follow.

Then all sing, standing, Hymn 137, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

A boy, bearing a flag about six feet long, on a standard about nine feet high, comes forward, and mounting the platform, saluting the flag, holds it furled and at rest on its standard, while he repeats the following: —

OUR FLAG.

MONTGOMERY.

O flag of a resolute nation,
    O flag of the strong and the free,
The cherished of true-hearted millions,
    We hallow thy colors three!

Three proud, floating emblems of glory,
    Our guide for the coming time;
The red, white, and blue, in their beauty,
    Love gives them a meaning sublime.

Thy red is the deep, crimson life-stream
    Which flowed on the battle plain,
Redeeming our land from oppression,
    And leaving no servile stain.

Thy white is a proud people's honor,
Kept spotless and clear as light,
A pledge of unfaltering justice,
A symbol of truth and right.

Thy blue is our nation's endurance,
And points to the blue above, —
The limitless, measureless azure,
A type of our Father's love.

Thy stars are God's witness of blessing,
And smile at the foeman's frown;
They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
Bright gems in the great world's crown.

Then, as he stands in his place holding the flag, as when he saluted it, but dipped a little, so that it will float, the school rises, and saluting the flag, repeats in concert: —

"Invincible banner! the flag of the free,
Oh, where treads the foot that would falter for thee?"

Then, being seated, a girl recites: —

BIRTHDAY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

DICK'S "FESTIVAL RECITER."

"About a month before the Declaration of Independence, a committee was appointed to see about having a flag made. George Washington was one of this committee. Mrs. John Ross agreed to undertake the making of the flag, which was so skilfully done that she was employed many years by the government in this branch of needlework.

"It was June 14, 1777, that the Stars and Stripes were officially adopted as the ensign of the United States. Thereafter, they were carried in all the battles of the Revolution. Soon after its adoption, the new flag was hoisted on all the naval vessels of the United States. The first salute ever paid to the American flag by foreign naval vessels was that given to the ship *Ranger*, commanded by Captain Paul Jones, at a French port, about Dec. 1, 1777. By an act of Congress, it was provided that with the addition of every new State, there should be a new star added to the original thirteen."

Henry Ward Beecher says: "Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feeling; it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: DIVINE RIGHT OF LIBERTY IN MAN. Every color means liberty, every thread means liberty, every form of star and beam of light means liberty, — *liberty through law, and laws for liberty.* Accept it then in all its fulness of meaning.

It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the emblem of the sovereignty of the people. It is the NATION."

Sing, "Star-Spangled Banner."

A member of the Infant Class, bearing flowers, her own dress being appropriately decorated with the colors, recites: —

"Let little hands bring blossoms sweet,
To brave men lying low;
Let little hearts to soldiers dead
Their love and honor show.

"We 'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old banner bright;
We 'll love the land for which they fell,
With soul, and strength, and might."

DICK'S "MEMORIAL RECITER."

She places the flowers on the table as a gift to the memory of a departed soldier. They may afterward be carried to some grave. A boy may then repeat the following words by Rev. Orville Dewey: —

"Liberty is a solemn thing, — a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please, but it is a *solemn* thing. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay — if they can. A free people must be serious, for it has to do the greatest thing that was ever done in the world, *govern itself*. Come, that liberty! Come, none that does not lead to that! Come, the liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron and iron law, but of painful construction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will, — the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience."

Recitation: —

MEMORIAL DAY.

WILLIAM B. DICK.

Do you know what it means, you boys and girls
Who hail from the North and the South?
Do you know what it means,
This twining of greens
Round the silent cannon's mouth?
This strewing with flowers the grass-grown grave,
The decking with garlands the statues brave,
This flaunting of flags
All in tatters and rags,
This marching and singing,
These bells all ringing,
These faces grave and these faces gay,
This talk of Blue and this talk of Gray,
In the North and South on Memorial Day?

Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,
Is this day of lavished flowers, —
Not a pageant or play,
Nor a mere holiday
Of flags and of floral bowers.
It is something more than the day that starts
War memories throbbing in veteran hearts,
For across the years,
To the hopes and fears,
To the days of battle,
Of roar and rattle,
To the past that now seems so far away,
Do the sons of the Blue and the sons of the Gray
Gaze, hand clasping hand, on Memorial Day.

For the wreck and the wrong of it, boys and girls,
For the terror and loss as well,
Our hearts must hold
A regret untold
As we think of those who fell.
But their blood, on whichsoever side they fought,
Re-made the nation and progress brought.
We forget the woe,
For we live and know
That the fighting and sighing,
The falling and dying,
Were but steps toward the future, — the Martyr's way
Down which the sons of the Blue and the Gray
Look with love and with pride on Memorial Day.

Sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" (Julia Ward Howe).
Valedictory, by boy or girl.

THE DAY'S ORATION IS IN FLOWERS.

REV. E. L. HALL.

THE day's oration is in flowers;
Sing, ye gardens! speak, ye bowers!
Let Flora's rarest banners wave
And fold about the soldier's grave.
Lo! June in red and May in white
Their hands will clasp, their brows unite
Above the mounds spread far and wide
In vales and on the mountain-side;

Round monuments that speak and breathe,
The floral paragraphs we wreathe
Will emblem glories that entwine
About their brows in climes divine.
Then sing, ye bowers; ye gardens, vie, —
In silent eloquence reply,
While incense floats from sea to sea
On winds that sigh, "*Let all be free.*"

Short prayer by minister.

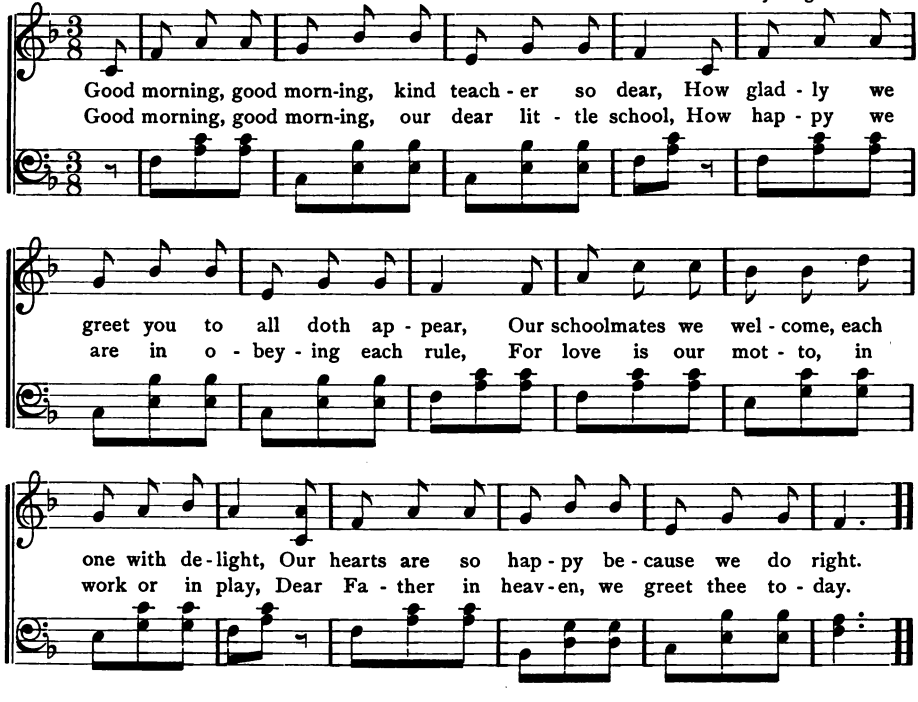
Children march out promptly, and in same order in which they entered, singing, "God bless our native land, Hymn 95, *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book.*

Opening Services.

GOOD MORNING.

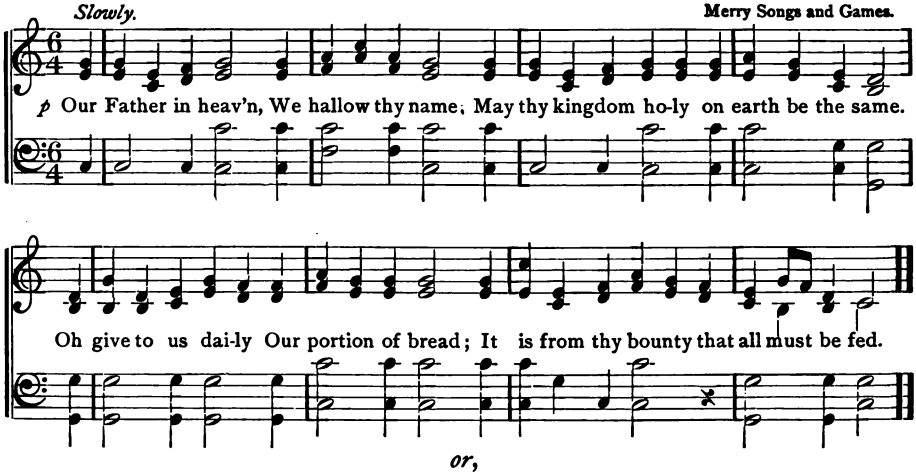
[If the children have joined in the general school exercises, the opening exercises in their special room may be short. But whether short or long, let them give the good-morning greeting in the following song. I consider a musical instrument absolutely essential to the proper instruction of the children. If in no other way it can be had, let all the other classes retire, leaving the main room to them; they need space for their marching and movements. Children should bow to their teacher when greeting her, and to the schoolmates after the word "welcome." Look up reverently after "Father in heaven." They should stand when singing.]

Merry Songs and Games.



Opening Prayers.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.



or,

DEAR FATHER IN HEAVEN, we thank thee for all thy blessings; and most of all for thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, who has done so much to make us good. We thank thee for sending him into the world to teach us. Wilt thou forgive all our sins; and wilt thou help us to forgive others as we wish to be forgiven. Make us kind and gentle and patient. Bless our fathers and mothers. Bless our teachers and all the little children wherever they may be, and make us thine own, to dwell with thee forevermore. Amen.

or,

HELP US, O Lord, to do right and to speak the truth.
Help us to honor and obey our parents and teachers.
Help us to forgive those who vex and injure us.
Help us to be unselfish.
Help us to do unto others as we would others should do to us.
Fill our hearts with love, that we may be gentle, patient, and kind. Amen.

or,

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN, thy little children bow before thee to thank thee for thy loving care. We thank thee for thy dear son, Jesus, who took little children in his arms and blessed them. May we love each other so that thou wilt love us. Forgive us if we do wrong, and make us thy own dear children for dear Jesus' sake. Amen.

Responsive Service.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord,
For the Lord is a great God.
He made all things:
The sun to give light by day, and the moon by night;
He made the great whale, and the elephant,
And the little fishes, and worms that crawl in the ground.
The little birds sing praises to God,
The brooks and rivers praise him.
Together. The Lord is good and greatly to be praised.

[This Service will be easily learned by the children after a few repetitions.]

Benedictions.

[Select one, and let the children commit it to memory.]

Now we go away from each other, but not away from thee, Our Father. Watch over us, we pray thee, wherever we are. We ask it as thy dear children. Amen.

or,

KEEP us, O Father, beneath the shadow of thy wing, that we do no evil. Amen.

or,

DEAR FATHER, guard me in thy love,
And fit me for thy home above.

or,

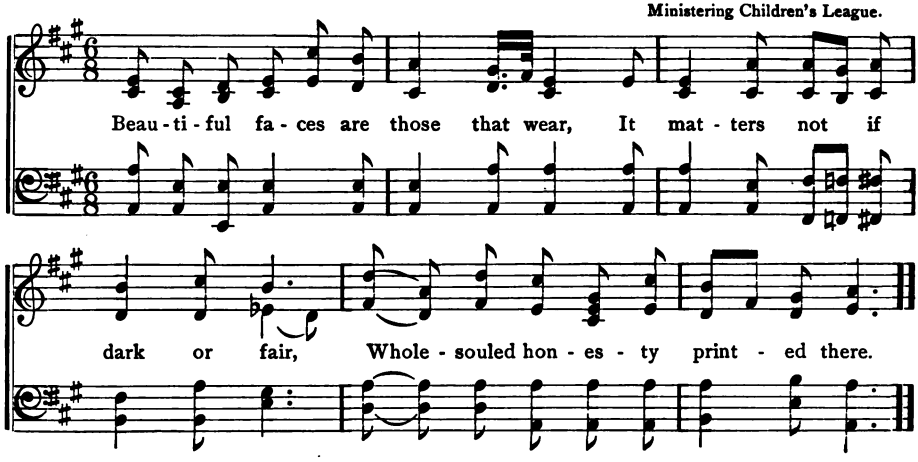
DEAR FATHER OF ALL, we thank thee for the pleasant hour we have had together. Fill our hearts with love, and lead us in safe and pleasant ways, through Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Hymns.

TRUE BEAUTY.

[This hymn is illustrated by the first five lessons. With each lesson one verse is learned, and one added each Sunday, till at the end of the fifth the whole hymn may be sung. Sing the appropriate verse first, that the child may associate it with the lesson by which it is illustrated. Have the children change position or march when singing, and always indicate with the hand the part of the body alluded to.]

Franklin Square Song Collection.
Ministering Children's League.



Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the whole day through.

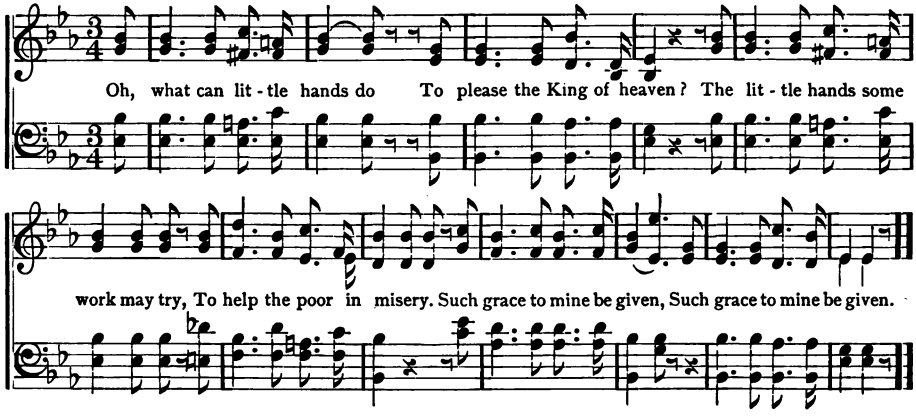
Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

LITTLE THINGS.

[This hymn is illustrated by four lessons. With each lesson one verse is learned, and one added each Sunday, till by the end of the fourth, all are learned, and should be sung together, — the children indicating by the hand the parts of the body alluded to.]

Franklin Square Song Collection.
Ministering Children's League.



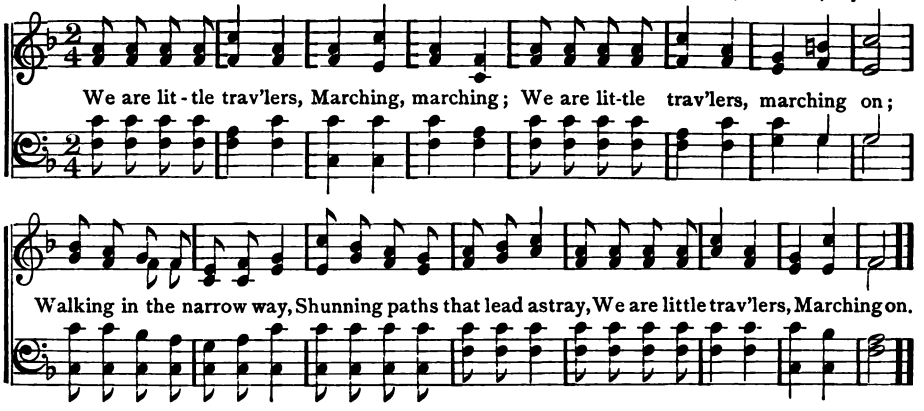
Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say, —
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book, —
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of Heaven?
The hearts, if God his spirit send,
Can love and trust the children's Friend, —
Such grace to mine be given.

WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELLERS. (Marching Song.)

WM. STEVENSON. R. LOWRY. From "Royal Diadem," by Per.



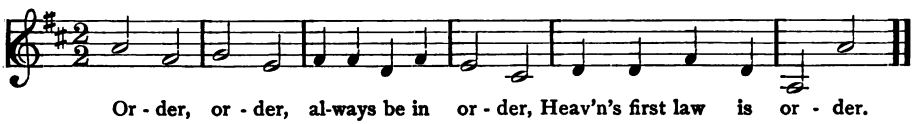
We are little laborers,
Working, working;
We are little laborers,
Working on;
Never idling time away,
Busy working every day,
We are little laborers,
Working on.

We are little soldiers,
Fighting, fighting;
We are little soldiers,
Fighting on;
Warring 'gainst the power of sin,
Foes without and foes within,
We are little soldiers,
Fighting on.

We are little pilgrims,
Hoping, hoping;
We are little pilgrims,
Hoping on;
For a country better far,
Where our crown and kingdom are,
We are little pilgrims
Hoping on.

ALWAYS IN ORDER.

[Should the children be restless or out of order, without saying anything strike with emphasis the first note on the piano and sing the following; then say, "Now I want you all to sing with me." In this way they will be led to good behavior. It may be converted into a *Round* by the teacher's beginning at the fifth measure to sing the first line.]



Poems.

[To be committed to memory by the children. On the days set apart for song-service, one might be taught.]

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

FROM silk-worms and from lambs and sheep
We get our wool and silk;
The ducks and hens and cows we keep
To give us eggs and milk.

But though God made the flocks and herds
In kindness for our use,
He never gave the beasts and birds
To children to abuse.

He never gave them leave to tease
A kitten or a dove;
So cruel children will offend
The God who reigns above.

For we should kindly use them all,
And think of every plan
To make each little animal
As happy as we can.

THE BEE.

SEE how the little honey-bee
Both late and early flies;
Each flower she visits carefully,
And every blossom tries.

Busily goes she, far and wide,
And with industrious care
Doth in the sunny summer-tide
Her winter food prepare.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

THERE 's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree,
" He 's singing to me! He 's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
" Oh, the world 's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I 'm as happy as happy can be."

And the brown thrush keeps singing, " A nest do you see?
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I 'm glad! Now I 'm free!
And I always shall be
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy, —
" Oh, the world 's running over with joy;
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be?"

THE CRUST.

I MUST not throw upon the floor
The crust I cannot eat;
There 's many a hungry little one
Would think it quite a treat.

My parents take the kindest care
To get me wholesome food,
And so I must not waste a bit
That may do others good.

The corn from which my bread is made,
God causes it to grow;
How sad to waste what He has given!
He would both see and know.

" 'T is wilful waste brings woful want;"
And I may live to say,
" Oh, how I wish I had the bread
Which once I threw away!"

DON'T FRET.

My sweet little girl should be cheerful and mild,
And should not be fretful and cry;
Oh, why is this passion? Remember, my child,
God sees you, who lives in the sky.

That dear little face, which I love so to kiss,
How frightful and sad it appears!
Do you think I can love you so naughty as this?
Or kiss you all wetted with tears?

Remember, though God is in heaven, my love,
He sees you within and without;
And always looks down from his glory above
To notice what you are about.

Then dry up your tears and look smiling again,
And never do things that are wrong;
For I am sure you must feel it a terrible pain
To be naughty and crying so long.

We'll pray, then, that God may your passion forgive,
And teach you from evil to fly;
And then you'll be happy as long as you live,
And happy whenever you die.

ANNIE TAYLOR.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

[Singing is indispensable in kindergarten work. Have by you the old *Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book; Merry Songs and Games*, by Clara Beeson Hubbard; and *Songs and Games for Little Ones*, by Gertrude Walker and Harriet S. Jenks. From the first-named book I would recommend the following as specially adapted to very little children.]

Hymn 107. All things beautiful and fair.
196. Angry words, oh, let them never.
142. Another year is given. (For New Year.)
87. Bright things can never die.
225. Come, oh children, come; and we will sing a happy song.
211. Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
57. God makes the earth all beautiful.
13. Great God, and wilt thou condescend?
200. Hark! a burst of heavenly music. (For Christmas.)
128. I'm going to be a soldier.
127. In our homes or in the street.
44. I saw a little blade of grass.
207. I think when I read that sweet story of old.
219. "Let children come," so Jesus said.
217. Little children, come to God.
108. Little children, come to me.
118. Little raindrops feed the rill.
214. Little schoolmates, can you tell?
163. Lord, a little band and lowly.
51. Lord, teach a little child to pray.
94. My country, 't is of thee.
126. Pleasant is the Sabbath bell.
138. Remember thy creator.
88. Sweet thoughts can never die.
229. Silent night! Peaceful night! (For Christmas.)
1. "Suffer little children to come unto me."
62. The golden rule, the golden rule.
91. There is a happy home.
46. The Lord attends when children pray.
63. The still small voice that speaks within.
135. This world is full of beauty.
72. When for some little insult given.
47. Will God, who made the earth and sky.

A LAST WORD

TO

THE TEACHER.

AS you see, you may extend the story of David over several lessons, until the entire psalm is learned, — choosing different children to present the lesson on different Sundays. Each one will be eager for his turn. In this way David's early life will become a picture in their memories, and the psalm a treasure never to be forgotten.

All the lessons may be extended in the same way. By this method the children will become accustomed to give expression to their thought, and they will have a storehouse full of treasures from which they may draw in future years. By new adaptations and repetitions there is enough in this year's course to cover another.

Get every father and mother interested as soon as possible. With parents at one end of the line and the teacher at the other, there will be no possible chance for the little feet to slip; and may God bless you all!

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Childhood's morning.

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